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A TRIP TO AFRICA

Comic Opera In Three Acts

(Die Afrikanerin)

S.C.CARBEE LITH. BOSTON

BY

F VON SUPPE

LIBRETTO

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A TRIP TO AFRICA

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

TEXT BY

WEST AND GENEE.

MUSIC BY

F. VON SUPPÉ.

ENGLISH VERSION BY

EMIL SCHWAB.

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE BY

AD. NEUENDORFF.

PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AT THE

BOSTON BIJOU THEATRE.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TITANIA FANFANI, the Heiress.....GEORGINE VON JANUSCHOWSKY
FANFANI PASHA, Her Uncle.....HARRY BROWN
MIRADILLO, a European.....W. H. FESSENDEN
ANTARSID, Prince of the Maronites.....GEO. W. TRAVERNER
TESSA, a young milliner from Palermo.....LILLIE WEST
BUCCAMETTA, her mother.....MAY SILVEY
PERICLES, Hotel Keeper.....GUSTAVE KAMMERLEE
NAKID, a Koptic Dealer in Poison and Perfumes.....MURRY WOODS
SEBIL, an Abyssinian Slave.....EMMA C. TUTTLE
HOSH, Servant in Pericles' Hotel.....J. S. B. KNOX
A MUEZZIN.....W. W. TUTTLE
A MARONITE.....E. A. OSGOOD
FIRST SAIS.....C. L. WEEKS
SECOND SAIS.....C. R. FULLERTON

Maronites, Hotel Servants, Guests of Fanfani Pasha, Slave Traders, Muleteers, Dancers, Greek and Arabian People.

TIME—The present. SCENE, 1st and 2d Acts, Cairo. 3d Act, the interior of Africa.

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY J. FRANK GILES, MUSIC PRINTER, BOSTON.

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ACT I.

NO. 1.—INTRODUCTION.

CHORUS. We 're awaiting at our stands
Guests from European lands ;
To our net they 're welcome fish,
For they all pay us backshish.
Backshish is our end and aim,
Backshish all of us exclaim,
Backshish here,
Backshish there,
All around —
A pleasant sound.
Kling, kling, kling!
Backshish, backshish,
That word all quickly learn.
Backshish, backshish,
'T is heard at every turn ;
At the front and in the rear
This word you can hear —
Backshish, all hold it dear.
Backshish, yes, that is clear,
Backshish is a pleasant sound,
Backshish is our end and aim,
Backshish all of us exclaim,
Backshish there, backshish here,
Everywhere the word sounds clear.

PERICLES (*tauntingly to* CHORUS).
"Backshish," "Backshish,"
There they stand and shout and yell all day!
Not a soul comes here to stay.
Room there 's for a hundred guests here,
But this season not one rests here ;
Not a single room 's engaged!

CHORUS. Hahahahahahaha!

PERICLES. That 's what makes me so enraged.

CHORUS. Hahahahahahaha!

PERICLES. Yes, that 's what makes me so enraged!

SEBIL (*coming forward*).
You forget the Frankish man!

PERICLES. Miradillo makes one sick,
Lives here like a swell on tick!

SEBIL. Don't talk so!

PERICLES. He must go!

SEBIL. He will pay you when he can!

PERICLES. If his bills he does not pay
I 'll complain of him to-day.

SEBIL. No, no, no!

PERICLES. He must go!

SEBIL. Miradillo he will buy me,
I 'll baptized be,
Off will hie me ;
Yes, yes, that 's so,
From here I 'll go,
For Miradillo told me so, you know.

PERICLES. He 's a clever swindler truly,
Does n't own a single sou ;
Yet he makes the help unruly,
Pretty slaves he 's buying too.

CHORUS. Hahahahahahaha!

PERICLES (*to* CHORUS).
Silence! monkeys, asses, idiots!
Soon with laughter you will split,
"Backshish," "Backshish," ever yelling,
But to earn it you 're not fit.

SEBIL *and* CHORUS.
Backshish, backshish! —
That word all quickly learn ;
Backshish, backshish —
'T is heard at every turn ;
At the front and in the rear,
That word you can hear.
Backshish, we hold it dear,
Backshish, yes, that is clear ;
Backshish is a pleasant word,
Backshish is our end and aim,
Backshish all of us exclaim,
Backshish here,
Backshish there,
Everywhere the word sounds clear.

PERICLES. Yes, yes, this very day,
His bill I 'll make him pay,
The braggart, the swindler,
Always well dressed, always airy,
Oh, his cheek 's extraordinary.
Yes, his bill I 'll surely make him pay
This every day ;
Wait, you swindler, I 'll teach you
That this sort of thing won't do,
Cheating there,
Cheating here.
This thing must be stopped,
That 's clear. (*Shouting.*) The scamp!

(*Enter* MIRADILLO.)

MIRADILLO. Who 's talking here about me?

SEBIL (*pointing to* PERICLES).
Oh, sir! he is reviling you.

MIRADILLO. What, the Greek here?

SEBIL. He called you cheat and swindler, too!

MIRADILLO. Oh, did he really?

SEBIL. He said you were living here on tick.

MIRADILLO. Oh, indeed!

SEBIL. And many flaws —

MIRADILLO. That will do!

SEBIL. In you did pick!

MIRADILLO. Well, that was rather cool,
Yet I don't mind the fool.
If he knew more of me,
He 'd more respectful be.

PERICLES. Indeed!

MIRADILLO. The fact I now will state,

PERICLES. Indeed!

MIRADILLO. That I 'm a tourist great!

PERICLES. Dear sir, you may be what you will,
I only wish you 'd pay your bill.

MIRADILLO. Hold on! O say no further!
Know you what that is?
A world's tourist?

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CHORUS. No.
MIRADILLO. Then please lend me a most attentive ear,
I 'll tell you all assembled here!

Tourist Song.

MIRADILLO. I sail o'er every ocean,
Except at times
When storms raise dangerous commotions.
Of all peaks the heights I measure,
Except the highest ones,
Where climbing is no pleasure.
In all lands I turn up frisky
Where the trav'ling 's not so risky.
I am great at mensuration,
Also at triangulation,
And with greatest ease compute I can
Any hard meridian!
Yes, discovery is my great delight,
And modern science to advance
I 've travelled day and night.
'T is Europe that does my expenses pay,
And that I 'm a salaried discoverer I may say.
I 'm well versed in geography,
Ethnography, topography.
At several occasions with Dahomey's king I 've dined,
His wives most amusing I did find.
I 'm much liked by the Basutos,
Know well Congo, Zanzibar,
And the Kaffirs, the Ashantis
With my face acquainted are!
In my line I 'm very able,
And what I tell you is no fable,
By telegraph, by post, by cable,
My fame all o'er the world is spread.
CHORUS. In his line he 's very able,
And what he tells us is no fable,
By telegraph, by post, by cable,
His fame o'er all the world is spread.

MIRADILLO. My great fame is not confined to Afric's tribes alone;
E'en among the animals I 'm favorably known.
Quadruped and biped, ostrich tall and zebra striped,
Parrots, vultures, and magpies,
They all hail me with joyful surprise;
When the antelopes from afar my form approaching see,
All of them stand still and bow, so much they honor me.
All the lions know me,
And the tigers rev'rence show me,
Humbly wag their tails at me,
And the charming little monkeys,
The gazelles, giraffes, and donkeys
Are delighted when they meet me,
And with fond caresses greet me.
E'en the elephants tremendous
Love me with a love stupendous.
The rhinoceroses lastly,
When they see me pleased are vastly.
From highest mountain peak
Down to the bottom of the sea
For curious finds I search incessantly.
Min'rals, stones, crystallizations,
Flowers, grasses, malformations,
These I gather, choose, reject,
And in cabinets collect!
Yes, my trade is profitable,
And what I tell you is no fable,
By telegraph, by post, by cable,
My fame all o'er the world is spread.
CHORUS. Yes, his trade is profitable,
And what he tells us is no fable,
By telegraph, by post, by cable,
His fame all o'er the world is spread.

MIRADILLO. I 'm a tourist of renown,
Know each country, every town,
There 's no place I ween
That I 've not seen —
(*Together.*) Ev'ry peak and ev'ry dale,
Also each lake and waterfall
On this earthly ball, I know them one and all.
PERICLES. Swindler, braggart!
The scamp has not a red!
Swindler, boaster,
A precious scamp.
(*Together.*) Swindler, boaster
I despise, how he lies!
What he says I don't believe at all,
For my confidence in him is very small.
MIRADILLO. Now I have the best I could
Explained to you what tourists do.
PERICLES. Interesting 't was, I know;
But now pay me what you owe.
MIRADILLO. Some day you will get your money;
But at present I can't pay.
PERICLES. Money somehow he must raise;
He can't leave here till he pays.
MIRADILLO. Put the slave upon my bill, sir,
For she greatly pleases me.
PERICLES. Always to your bill you 're adding,
But your cash I never see.
MIRADILLO. Greek, how often must I tell you,
That 't is Europe pays my dues.
PERICLES. With that bank I 'm not acquainted;
Patience very soon I 'll lose.

(*Speaks during music.*)

(*The rattle of the* MEUZZIN *is heard.*)

CHORUS. Hush! the Muezzin!
MIRADILLO (*to* PERICLES).
You hear! The Muezzin is coming.
Behave yourself at all events in the presence of Allah!

(MUEZZIN *appears on the steps of Minaret.*)

MUEZZIN. Ya rezzah!
Ya kerim!
Ya fettah!
Ya Alim!
PERICLES, SEBIL, *and* CHORUS.
Ya rezzah!
Ya kerim!
Ya fettah!
Ya Alim!
MUEZZIN. Moslem.
Soon Ramadam's last hour will pass away;
Acknowledge Allah!
ALL. Allah!

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MUEZZIN Moslem.
For Beiram's feast, put on your best array.
O praise ye Allah!
ALL. Allah!
MUEZZIN. Ya rezzah!
Ya kerim!
Ya fettah!
Ya Alim!

(*While the rattle is heard chorus sings.*)

Ya rezzah!
Ya kerim!
Ya fettah!
Ya Alim!
PERICLES. Ramadam will end to-day.
CHORUS. Hurrah! Hurrah!
PERICLES. Then comes Beiram's feast so gay.
CHORUS. Hurrah! Hurrah!
PERICLES. Mirthful sounds then fill the air.
CHORUS. But then 't is true.
PERICLES. Dancing, feasting everywhere.
CHORUS. There 's much to do.
PERICLES. There 's a train that comes at four.
CHORUS. 'T will soon be here.
PERICLES. Guests will bring us by the score.
CHORUS. That is just what we wish.
PERICLES. Oh! that sudden glee I know.
CHORUS. Then we 'll all get backshish.
PERICLES. Thoughts of backshish move them so,
Oh, the pack of worthless idlers!
Worse they are than I myself;
Capable of any baseness,
So it brings them sordid pelf.
Hear them shouting, laughing, shrieking,
(*Together.*) Not a moment do they quit.
Backshish, backshish, ever squeaking,
But to earn it you 're not fit.
CHORUS. When comes the train,
Backshish we 'll gain,
Hahahahahahahahaha!
Kling, kling, kling.
CHORUS. Backshish, backshish,
Each one does quickly learn;
Backshish, backshish,
'T is heard at every turn,
At the front and in the rear
The words you will hear.
Backshish has a pleasant sound,
Backshish is our end and aim,
Backshish all of us exclaim,
Backshish there, backshish here,
Everywhere the words sound clear.

(*Exit* CHORUS.)

NO. 2.—ENTRANCE OF THE PRINCE.

(*Enter* FIRST SAIS, *followed by* CHORUS.)

FIRST SAIS (*proclaiming*).
Prince Antarsid now approaches.
Make way! Make way!
Our master now is near.
CHORUS (*coming from all sides*).
Quickly, quickly let us meet him.
Let us greet him with a loud-resounding, hearty hurrah.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail to noble Antarsid!
All hail the Lord of Lebanon!

(*Enter* MARONITES *and* PAGES.)

PAGES. We flit with pleasure keen
Through meadows green;
Now here, now there —
We 're everywhere.
Our coursers fleet
We speed, we speed.
Let then come whatever may,
New attractions bring each day.

(*Enter* ANTARSID, *lively.*)

Song.

I.

ANTARSID. Like winds that lightly,
When morn dawns brightly,
Blow o'er the grassy lea,
My trusty steed
Onward doth speed,
While my men follow me.
Each heart is light and gay,
As we pursue our way,
Then downward glancing,
Vistas entrancing
Before the eye doth appear;
And all around
Echoes resound
Over Lebanon clear,
Hallo! hallo! hallo!
The echo sounds hallo!
CHORUS. Yes, all around
Hallo! hallo! hallo!
Echo sounds hallo!
ANTARSID. Oft I sit, losing myself in musings tender;
Love's pictures all endearing,
In mem'ry's glass appearing.
Love I know happier far my life would render,
Would but some Sheherazade
Love-tales to me relate;
Then ev'ry night,
I 'd hear the maid bright-eyed
Stories of tender import relate,
Ah, of that, of this,
Of grief, of bliss,
Most varied tales I 'd hear forsooth.
The course of true love ne'er ran smooth.
ANTARSID, *with* MARONITES *and* PAGES.
Of that, of this,
Of grief, of bliss,
Such tales { I 'd / he 'd } hear forsooth.
Love's course did ne'er run smooth.

II.

Distance comes nigher,
Phœbus mounts higher,
With flaming flag unfurled.
Sweet 't is to be
Happy and free
In this beauteous world.
O freedom, gift divine,
Honor and praise be thine.
Life I 'd give gladly
Rather than sadly
In bondage pass my days! Free let us be.
Therefore, with me proclaim
Liberty's praise!

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Hallo, hallo, hallo!
Its praise proclaim, hallo!

CHORUS. Its praise proclaim,
Hallo, hallo, hallo!
Praise proclaim, hallo!

ANTARSID. But when dark hovers o'er earth on purple pinions,
When night her mantle 's spreading,
And stars their light are shedding,
Then once more fancy reverts to love's dominions.
Would but some Sheherazade
Love-tales to me relate!
Then ev'ry night
I 'd hear the maid bright-eyed
Stories of tender import relate,
Ah, of that, of this,
Of grief, of bliss,
Most varied tales I 'd hear forsooth,
The course of true love ne'er ran smooth.

ANTARSID, *with* MARONITES *and* PAGES.
Of that, of this,
Of grief, of bliss,
Such tales { I 'd / She 'd } hear forsooth.
Love's course did ne'er run smooth.

NO. 3.

(*Enter* TITANIA, *with* SEBIL, ANTARSID, NAKID, *and* PERICLES.)

Oh, what do I see!
'T is wondrous quite,
The picture that
Now greets my sight.

TITANIA, SEBIL, *and* ANTARSID.
(*Together.*) NAKID *and* PERICLES.
So bright, so strange,
So lovely too,
So long its equal
Has not met my view.
So bright, so strange,
So lovely too,
I ne'er before did view.

CHORUS. Wondrous sight, so bright, so strange, I ne'er did view.

TITANIA. If I mistake not,
In you the host I see.

PERICLES. O'er my house command, I pray.

TITANIA. Quite well, then, there is room for me.

PERICLES. Without delaying,
Notice I did give to all the guests here staying,
E'en the Maronites' proud lord I turned away.

ANTARSID (*aside*).
O face divinely fair!

TITANIA (*aside*).
Why, that was most discourteous,
And grieves me sore.

PERICLES. My duty 't was, no more.

TITANIA, SEBIL, *and* ANTARSID.
CHORUS.
So bright, so strange,
So lovely too,
I ne'er before did view.
Wondrous sight
So bright, so strange
I ne'er did view!

TITANIA (*to* ANTARSID, *who is about to go*).
What, my lord, you would away!
One word I pray!
With regret I 've just received the information
That through me you 've been refused accommodation.
But, sir, you may believe
To annoy you would much grieve me;
This house I pleasant find,
We 'll share it, sir, if you don't mind!

PERICLES. 'T is astonishing how courteously she meets him,
And her offer he most surely will accept.
ANTARSID. You 're most gen'rous.
TITANIA. Well?

ANTARSID. Well! gladly I accept!

TITANIA. And I hope that this arrangement
Will be quite to your taste.
I hope that this arrangement
Will be quite to your taste.

ANTARSID. Oh, how soon
Doth love's sweet thrill
My bosom fill.

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"THOUGH WE WERE STRANGERS."

No. 3. SONG.

Andantino.

TITANIA.

1. Tho' we were stran - gers hither - to, I hope we'll soon each oth-er bet-ter
2. How pleasant 'tis at the ca - fé, To sit and chat and smoke a nar-gi -

PIANO.

p

know, And henceforth we shall neighbors be, By chance that was arranged quite pretti-
- leh ! But with constraint one naught enjoys, Its presence ev - 'ry hour of mirth al -

- ly ! Stiff Etiquette is my aversion, It casts a gloom o'er all di -version,
- loys ! Now if you pay me strict attention, Of Europe's women much I'll mention

pp

And in each hour of rec - re - a - tion, It must have its sac - ri-fice,
Tho' for that kind of in - for - ma - tion, An East - ern may hardly care,

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You'd of-ten look but you don't dare to, You'd of-ten speak but don't quite care to
You'll then paint me a pic-ture men - tal, Of ways and customs O - ri - en - tal,

Allegretto.

You go where gladly you would sta - tion, Because 'twould not be nice, I
Tho' dan-ger-ous such rec - re - a - tion, We can at last take care, There -

f *p*

ask why bash - ful be? I ask why bash - ful be? For
- fore why bash - ful be? There - fore why bash - ful be? For

of - ten by one word,.... All's arranged ..... pleasant - ly.

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NO. 4.—QUARTETTE.

FANFANI. Well, that 's astounding, surely!
PERICLES. Perhaps I 'll now be paid!
TITANIA (*to* MIRADILLO).
Now play your part demurely.
MIRADILLO. Deceit, come to my aid.
FANFANI. He and she a married couple claim to be;
Well, I 'm suspicious quite
That ev'rything 's not right.
TITANIA (*to* MIRADILLO).
Oh, what joy to see you again,
Best of men, best of men!
PERICLES. Did you hear, was I right?
TITIANA. Blissful moments has married life,
Now and then, now and then.
FANFANI. Oh, this is a blow severe,
And it makes me nervous quite.
Yes, she has a husband; that is bad for me.
MIRADILLO (*to* TITANIA).
You to see once more I did pine,
Darling mine, darling mine.
PERICLES. Very true, very true.
MIRADILLO. And to me the world doubly gay
Seems to-day, seems to-day.
FANFANI. And to me erelong she 'll say,
" Dearest uncle, now please pay."
TITANIA *and* MIRADILLO.
When in thy arms I rest,
Then I feel truly blest.
(*Aside.*) Love I must simulate,
All doubts to dissipate.
FANFANI. Oh, I 'm quite beside myself with rage and spite,
I could kick and choke the fellow with delight.
Through him I must lose two million francs, 't is clear.
At two sous I 'd call his carcass pretty dear.
PERICLES. Now it is pretty evident,
And folly 't were to doubt it,
The lady is his wife.
I 'll make my compliment.
Here stands the loving pair,
The uncle fond stands over there.
TITANIA. Uncle dearest, uncle mine,
To you I 'd introduce the man
Whom I did choose, he is so brave,
So kind, so good, so dear.
GANFANI. Perhaps I 'd better put some strychnine in his soup.
MIRADILLO. Uncle dearest, uncle mine.
FANFANI. Oh, I thank you.
MIRADILLO. My wife she loves me so,
FANFANI. Most obliging.
MIRADILLO. That she 'll be glad I know,
FANFANI. And what now?
MIRADILLO. To pay some debts that I've contracted here.
TITANIA. Ah! to bleed me!
MIRADILLO. Why, that 's in the part you 're playing.
TITANIA. You would try, sir!
MIRADILLO. Bleeding you should call it not!
TITANIA. But your meanness —
MIRADILLO. 'T is a bad thing for the husband
TITANIA. I defy, sir!
MIRADILLO. When his wife don't pay the scot.
TITANIA. I will not pay!
MIRADILLO. Then I 'll stop playing.
TITANIA. Ah, that is mean.
MIRADILLO. I find it paying.
TITANIA. It 's robbery!
MIRADILLO. Don't trouble me.
FANFANI. Ah, it seems to me
Already quarrels have this youthful pair.
TITANIA *and* MIRADILLO.
When in thy arms I rest
Then I feel truly blest!
(*Aside.*) Love I must simulate
All doubts to dissipate.
Darling mine, dearest wife.
FANFANI. 'T is disgusting, now anew they bill and coo.
In the deepest depth of hell I wish them two.
Through him I lose two million francs, 't is clear.
At that price I find them both extremely dear!
Cursed luck that brought him here;
Pleasant I withal must be.
PERICLES. He seems disgusted greatly,
But yet in spite of all
He must pay ultimately;
He with rage will burst I fear.
TITANIA *and* MIRADILLO.
Little darling, you 're my lovey,
You 're my dovey.
(*Aside.*) Worst of all I now must give
Best of all she now must let
The scamp a kiss.
Me have a kiss.
TITANIA. Oh, the scamp!
MIRADILLO. Oh, what bliss.
FANFANI *and* PERICLES.
He 's a scamp.
TITANIA. Very well, then, now let us settle at once.
Host, bring your bill.
PERICLES. Why, there was no special hurry,
For my bill I did not worry;
But as long as you command it,
Here 's the bill made out with care.
TITANIA. Twelve thousand and four hundred francs
Within less than two weeks.
MIRADILLO. Bagatella!
FANFANI. Twelve thousand and four hundred, oho!
TITANIA. Eight hundred francs for a souper,
With girls from the Café Français.
MIRADILLO. To music I incline,
And their performance was so fine.
FANFANI. Confound the scoundrel.
TITANIA. He 's cool, any way.
FANFANI. The gallows bird.
TITANIA. I rather like.
MIRADILLO. What I have always had at heart
Was to promote the cause of art!
TITANIA. Two thousand francs are charged, I see,
For boarding Madame San Souci!
MIRADILLO. She was an orphan lonely
Whom I helped a little only!
FANFANI. Roué!
TITANIA. Here a slave, too, at six thousand francs is prized.
MIRADILLO. Yes, yes! I first mean to convert her,
Afterwards have her baptized.
FANFANI. Ha, he 's a swindler, that I see!

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THE OTHERS. What?
FANFANI. And is cheating you and me.
THE OTHERS. He?
FANFANI. Not a single word is true.
THE OTHERS. Ha!
FANFANI. Lying 's all that he can do!
THE OTHERS. No!
FANFANI. And this very dubious marriage.
THE OTHERS. Well?
FANFANI. I 'm inclining much to disparage.

TITANIA *and* MIRADILLO.

That would be quite indecent,
For our life is pleasant,
Therefore, just at present
Doubt is out of place.
{ He is careless }
{ I am careless }
But good-natured,
Somewhat mild,
Yet quite brave.
O, pray be mild,
Don't act so wild.

FANFANI. She so easy, he so fertile,
She phlegmatic, he so bold,
Oh, to fool me won't be easy.
He is much too windy for me,
I don't like his ways erratic,
By their tricks I 'll not be sold.
That this boaster is your husband,
You pretend, ma'am, is so thin!

PERICLES. That would be quite indecent,
For their life is pleasant,
Therefore just at present
Doubt is out of place.
Just be easy,
Do keep cool, sir.
Calm your passion,
Won't you please?
O, pray be mild,
Don't act so wild!

TITANIA. O dearest uncle, you 're unjust;
Against abuse my husband now lefend I must.

His rage is dire,
Like Ætna's fire,
O do not waken a Sicilian's ire!
In proud Palermo throbs the air
With Ætna's lava glow,
And in the veins of all its sons
The blood doth hotly flow.
There billows are surging,
And on the surf the ship is toss'd,
Engulfed in the vortex
The gallant craft is lost.
Hollaho! hollaho!
Thou sunny land,
Where streams of fire from Ætna rise,
Where loving hearts with double rapture beat,
Yes, Palermo's meadows are
An earthly paradise.
How balmy are the zephyrs there,
Ah, how sweet,
Where quakes the earth with mighty throes volcanic,
There heaves the heart with passions most Titanic.
Where from earth's depths the fiery lava streameth,
There fiery love each breast doth move,
There fiery love each breast doth move,
Where streams of fire from Ætna rise,
Where loving hearts from double rapture beat.
Yes, Palermo's meadows are
On earth the paradise.
How balmy are the zephyrs there,
Ah, how sweet,
Palermo so balmy, so glowing, so sweet.

(*Exit.*)

NO. 5. — MUSIC. (See pages 11, 12, 13, 14.)

NO. 6. — FINALE.

CHORUS. Hoio! hoio! let music sound,
Halaro! hoio! hoio! with vigor pound,
Holaro! those tones excite
To mirth and glee each breast,
And with delight
All bow to joys behest;
Now let the Tarabuka well be shaken
And from Kemengeh's strings sweet music waken.
Dervish flutes, so loud and shrill,
Now the air with piping fill,
Lala, lala, the merry music all,
Lala, lala, to song and dance doth call;
Lala, lala, the merry music all
Lala, lala, to sing and dance doth call;
Zizirinzinzin zin haho!
Zizirinzinzin zin haho!
Lala, lala, holaro!

FANFANI. On the Tsad, on the Tsad,
There beauties can be had;
They 're delicate like chocolate
Of light and dark brown shade!
The pasha as I knew
Much likes that dusky hue,
So for his special pleasure
I these buxum women here did buy,
The very best
That could be had.

On the Tsad, on the Tsad!
Come forward in the dance you may,
Your charms display;
Indeed my choice
Is extra nice,
The finest women I pick out,
So sweet their face,
So pure their race,
Of that there is no doubt.

CHORUS. (*The slaves dancing.*)
On the Tsad, on the Tsad,
There beauties can be had
On the Tsad, on the Tsad.
Of light and dark brown shade,
Lalala, lalala.
Now Kemengeh's echo wake,
Lalala, lalala.
And the Tarabuka's shade,
Zizirinzinzin —

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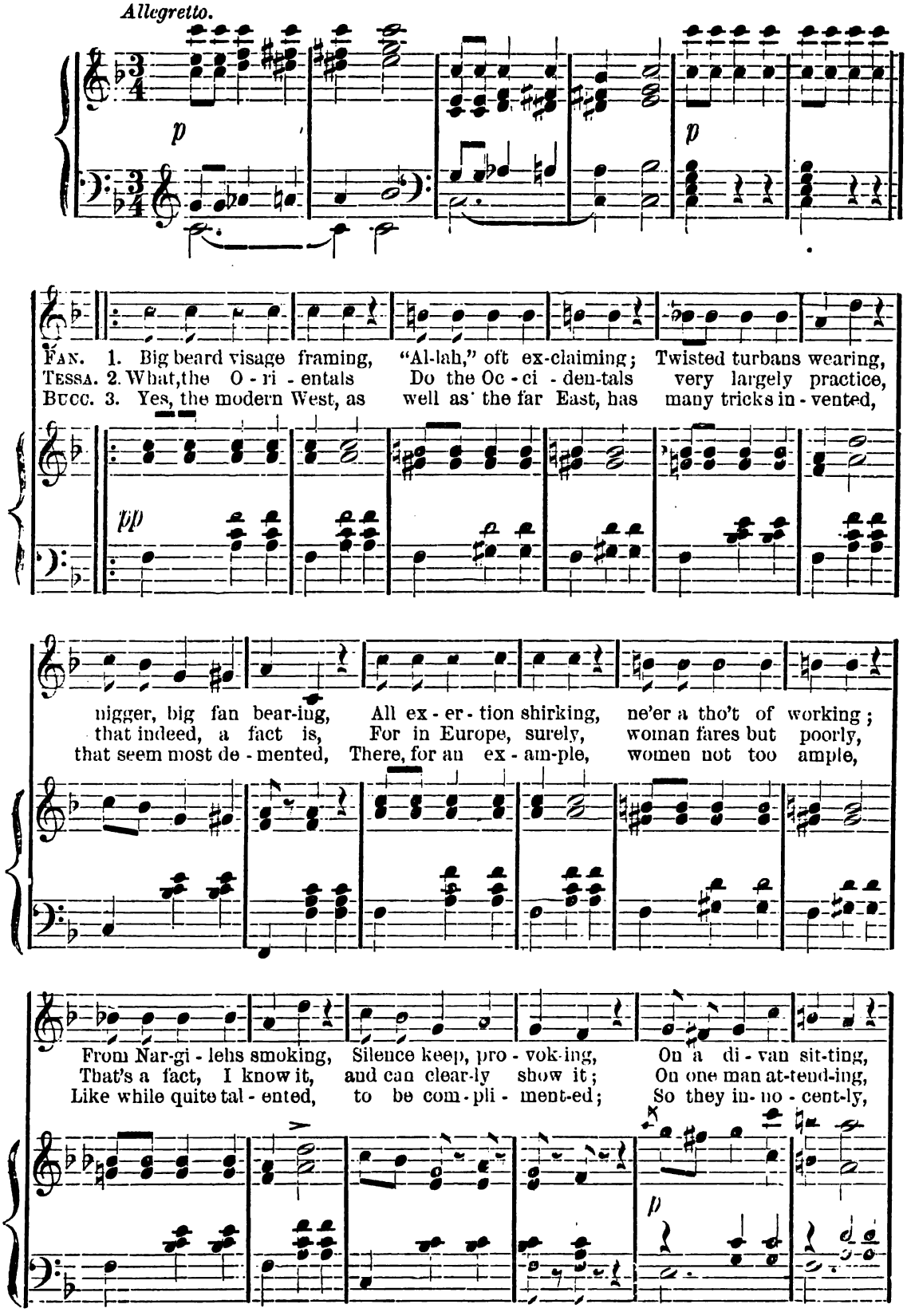
BIG BEARD VISAGE FRAMING.

No. 5. TERZETTO.

Allegretto.



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ne'er ex - ci - ted getting; Food with hand di - vid-ing, on a cam - el riding.
whim-si - cal, un-bending, Always wait his leisure, sure-ly is no pleasure,
pleasant ly and gent-ly, Lis ten to each falsehood uttered by the male brood.

Through the noon hours sleeping, pretty harem keeping, Adding to it ev - er,
With us, married life, sir, hard is for the wife, sir, Men are al - ways ly - ing,
So these, con - se - quently, often, in - so - lent-ly, And im per - ti - nent - ly,

Without shame what ev-er, And with eunuchs trying, to prevent all prying,
To deceive us trying, Vows e - ter - nal swearing, yet not for them caring,
Sometimes ve - he - mently, Try by im - po - sitions, to im-pose con-ditions,

pp

Big beard visage framing.—4.

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Purest Mo - cha drinking, Ver - y lit - tle thinking, That's the fun - da - mental,
They their cash in - vest in a-mourettes clan - destine, Thus our fun - da - mental,
Most hu - mil - i - ating, and ex - as - per - ating, Thus our fun - da - mental,

pp

that's the el - e - mental, Status O - ri - en - tal, sta tus O - ri - en tal;
status Oc - ci - dental, Has a kin - ship mental, with the O - ri - en-tal;
status Oc - ci - dental, Has a kin - ship mental, with the O - ri - en-tal;

Thus the fun - da - mental, that's the el - e - mental, Status O - ri - ental,
Thus our fun - da - mental, sta-tus Oc - ci - den-tal, Has a kin - ship mental,
Thus our fun - da - mental, sta-tus Oc - ci - den-tal, Has a kin - ship mental,

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BUCCANETTA. ALL THREE.

Yes, that's what it is. Although these cus-toms Are to mor-als de- tri- men- tal.
With the O - ri - ent.
With the O - ri - ent.

mf *pp*

BUCCANETTA. ALL THREE. BUCCANETTA. ALL THREE.

Yet they are customs. Fundamental, O-ri- en-tal. And con - se - quently. Tho' the customs,

pp *mf*

O-ri-en -tal, are to morals de- tri-mental, Yet they're pictu - resque! - resque!

1st. & 2d. 3d.

f *fz* *ff* *f*

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FANFANI. In the slave trade there are many,
But of all these I'm the best;
That I tell the truth these lovely
Groups of women will attest.
On the Tsad, on the Tsad
I find them on the Tsad. Holara!

(*Enter* SEBIL.)

SEBIL. Miradillo, gracious master,
Here am I! Take thy slave, O lord!

TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, FANFANI, PERICLES, *and* CHORUS.
Ha! O see that!
Who ever would believe that?
What ails her?
What brings her?
What is she seeking here?
SEBIL. Bought I was by him.
CHORUS. Your story we can't credit.
SEBIL. And shall stay with him.
CHORUS. No; get yourself from here.
SEBIL. Let go!
CHORUS. Away now.
SEBIL. Let go!
CHORUS. Away! off!
SEBIL. He's bought me, I repeat to you;
Ask him yourselves if that's not true.

MIRADILLO. Yes, it's true,
My slave she's really.
And so you see,
She'll stay with me.
For shining cash
I've bought the girl.
TESSA. O Heaven, this is dreadful.
He does not mind his wife;
A slave he buys coolly.
ALL THE OTHERS. He bought the girl,
And paid in cash,
At private sale,
How very rash.
It's queer and very rash.
FANFANI *and* CHORUS. What will the wife say to that?
Hm! hm! hm!
I wonder what she'll say.
I fear there'll be a little row.
What will the wife say to that?
Shameful doings, oh!
TESSA. Woe is me!
What a shame! [name.
O dire disgrace, that threatens now my
To think he could so soon forget.
O would that we had never met!
I never can condone his doings.
O what bitter pain!
BUCCAMETTA. Reason's left
Him bereft.
He'll yet have disgrace and shame.
With one not satisfied,
He buys a slave beside.
Very strange his doings are;
He must be insane.
MIRADILLO. Well, the fun
Has begun.
Through me she will win the game.
Calmly I'll smile,
And wait awhile.
To watch their doings,
Here I'll remain.

SEBIL. Thy Sebil faithfully doth love thee.
While holds the thread of life, none shall esteem above thee.
In weal and woe thy slightest word with joy obeying,
Ever watchful near thee staying;
And when at night thou 'rt calmly sleeping,
Vigils o'er thee she 'll be keeping.
Yes, thy Sebil loves thee true.
FANFANI. Thy wife I coming see,
How angry she will be.

(*Enter* TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.)

TITANIA. You need not mind
Those whom here you find.
ANTARSID. I'll follow your counsel.
TITANIA. I little care
ANTARSID. With delight.
TITANIA. What they may
ANTARSID. Visions bright.
TITANIA. Of us say.
FANFANI (*aside*). They're very familiar.
TITANIA. I know you'll be
FANFANI. That seems quite peculiar.
TITANIA. A friend to me.
FANFANI. Their love is apparant.
TITANIA. Whate'er betide, you'll remain —
ANTARSID. As thy slave at thy side,
TITANIA. At my side!
ANTARSID. I will ever abide.
FANFANI (*low to* TITANIA).
Dear niece, of your husband
I'm grieved to relate
That he's acting badly,
The scandal is great.
TITANIA. Really?
FANFANI. A slave for himself
He did lately procure.
You won't let your husband
Behave so, I'm sure.
TITANIA. Why should I prevent him?
He don't bother me.
If slaves can content him,
To buy them he's free.
Leave him alone
And listen to my resolution;
The prince, my companion,
I find very pleasant.
FANFANI. Well, what's that to me?
TITANIA. And therefore to be our guest
I'd him invite.
FANFANI. As our guest?
Awake I hardly seem.
As our guest?
Why this must be a dream!
This is awful!
This is dreadful!
O what cheek!
Uff, uff! I'm dizzy!
As guest to invite him
That's really most queer.
TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, *and* CHORUS. Yes, indeed, that's queer.
Her guest, her guest,
Yes, indeed, that's queer.
The matter is not clear,
Their assurance is great;
As guest to invite him,
That's really most queer.

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BUCCAMETTA *and* CHORUS.
What will your husband say now?
Hm! hm! hm!
His wife alone shall the victor be.

TITANIA.
Ha! ha! ha! shall I scream?
Coarse that would seem!
It would foolish be.

TESSA.
Madding thought this to me.
I'd like to scream!
Silence now will much better be.

SEBIL.
To the lord
I belong.
And thou alone,
Yes, thou alone, shall my victor be.

ANTARSID.
Angel fair,
Vision rare,
O thou alone,
Yes, thou alone, shall my victor be.

MIRADILLO.
What a lark!
What a lark!
And she alone,
Yes, she alone, shall my victor be.

FANFANI.
I'm amazed!
I am dazed!
For she alone,
Yes, she alone, shall my victor be.

THE MUEZZIN.
The signal resoundeth,
The festival beginneth.

TITANIA (*to* MIRADILLO).
Offer me your escort now,
With stately pomp and courteous bow.

MIRADILLO.
I'm ready now (*to carrier of palanquin*).
Come on, you fellows,
Raise up the palanquin,
Gayly escort her
On to the festal scene.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah!
We're ready for the fun,
Allah! Allah!
Beiram at last begun.

TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
O what delight when merry songs are sounding,
And set each heart with joy and pleasure bounding;
There love's sweet power fills us with joy;
There perfect bliss reigneth without alloy.

CHORUS
Tarabuka now with vigor let be shaken.

TITANIA.
To the blithesome repast.

CHORUS.
And Kemengeh's strings to dulcet music waken.

TITANIA.
Where mirth's cheerful sound
Doth rebound,
When sparkles the wine,
Gift divine,
Where joy with new zest
Fills each breast,
Now come, move along
With joyous song.

CHORUS.
Come, shout with glee lustily,
Now Ramadan is o'er.
Come, shout with glee,
For the gladsome Beiram's at the door.
This is the day
When the fasting's o'er and all is gay.
Hail to this day of pleasure!

ALL.
O what delight,
When merry songs are sounding,
And set each heart with joy and pleasure bounding!
There love's sweet power
Fills us with joy;
There perfect bliss
Reigneth without alloy.
Tarabuka now with vigor pound,
For now Ramadan is done;
Young and old rejoice with joyful sound,
For now Beiram has begun.
Hurrah!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

NO. 7.—INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS OF SLAVES.

Feasting, dancing, mirth and revels gay,
In this house will reign to-day.
Clean everything, for a young and dainty wife again
Our old pasha did obtain,
Soon her he'll bring.
Ah, how sweet it must be surely
In a lover's arms to rest,
And submit to it demurely
When he draws you to his breast.

(*Enter Male Slaves.*)

Come, bestir yourselves, make haste,
For there is no time to waste.

MALE AND FEMALE CHORUS.
Ev'ry closet, ev'ry chair,
Must be furbished up with care;
Ev'ry rug and carpet beat
Till they're wholly clean and neat.
Pound and beat, pound and beat,
Till each carpet's clean and neat,
Otherwise his Highness will
Give of pounding us our fill.
Pound them, pound them,
Till all are clean.

(*Enter* FANFANI.)

FANFANI.
Kush! Kush! Kush!
Wake up, you lazy duffers,
And quickly go to work,
No sooner is my back turned
Than you begin to shirk;
Unless you show more zeal
My trusty whip you'll feel.

CHORUS.
Let us quickly go away,

FANFANI.
I'm in earnest you will find.

CHORUS.
For he's very cross to-day.

(*Exit* CHORUS.)

FANFANI.
If you do not quickly mind,
(*Comes forward to audience,*)
When one's ill-tempered
A pinch of snuff is an unfailing cure,
It is pleasant and sure.

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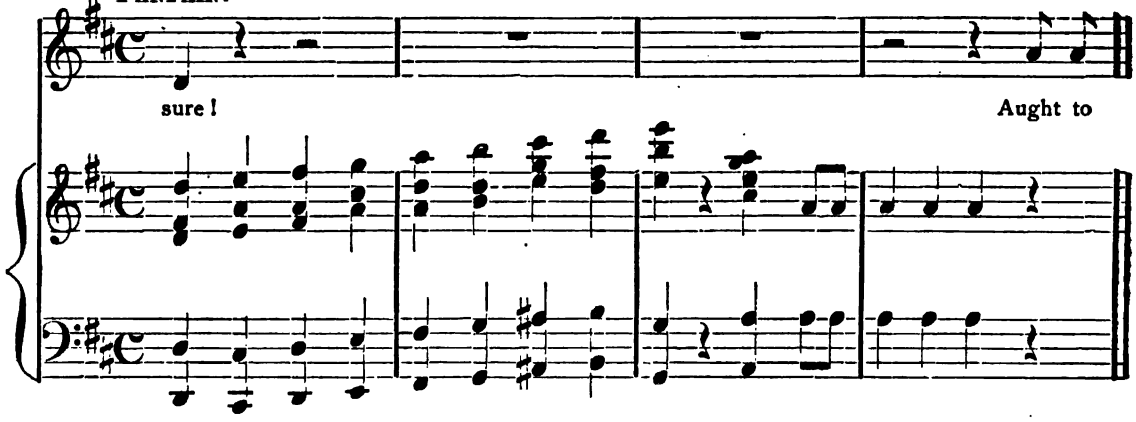
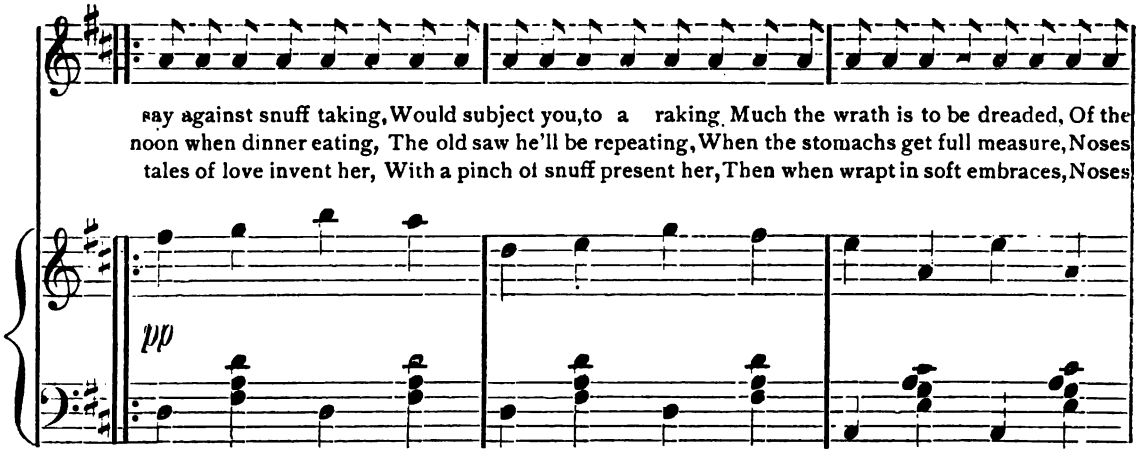
SNUFF SONG.

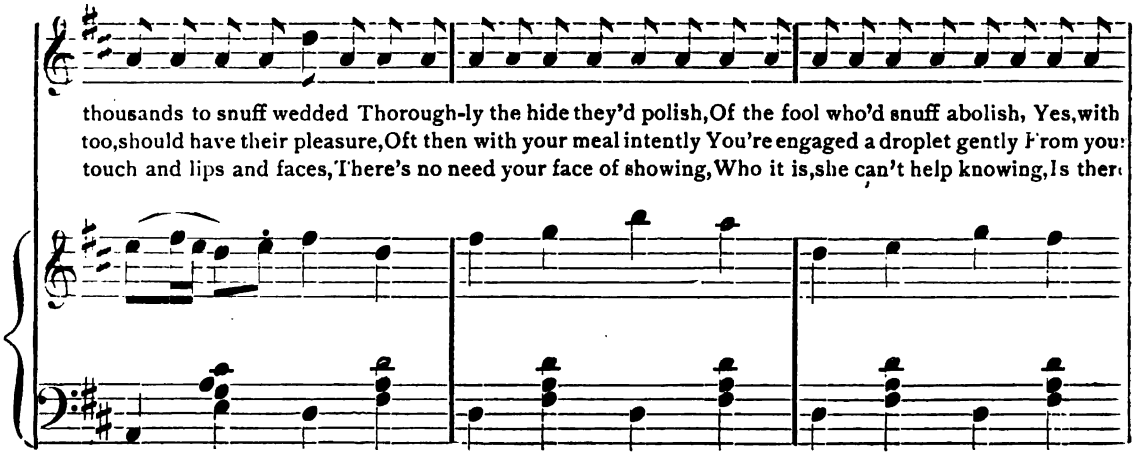
No. 7.

Allegro.

FANFAIN.







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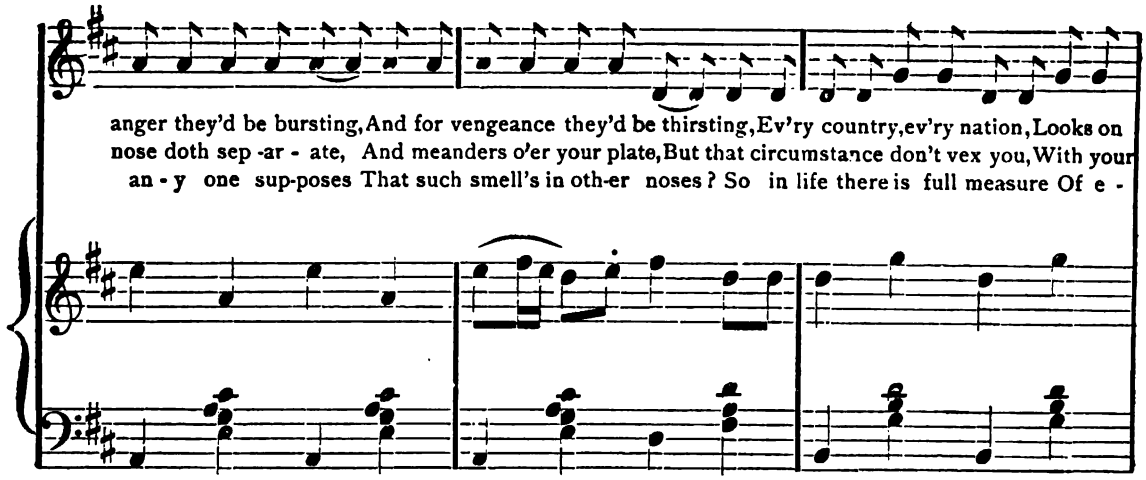

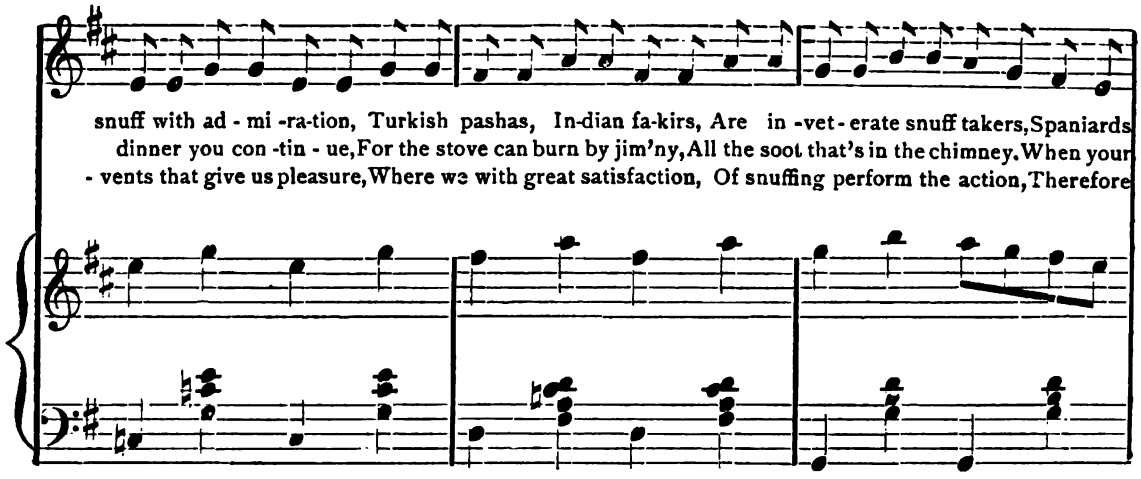

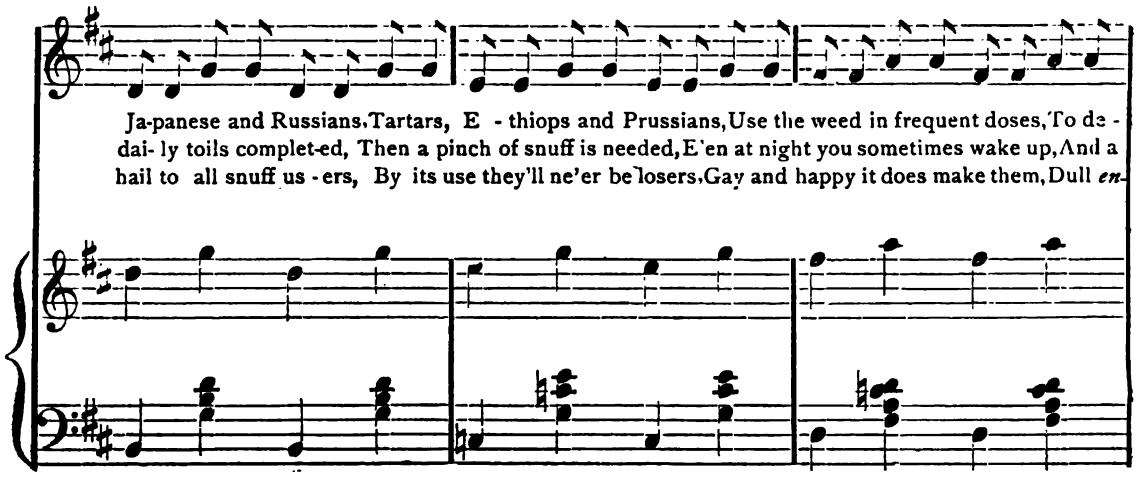

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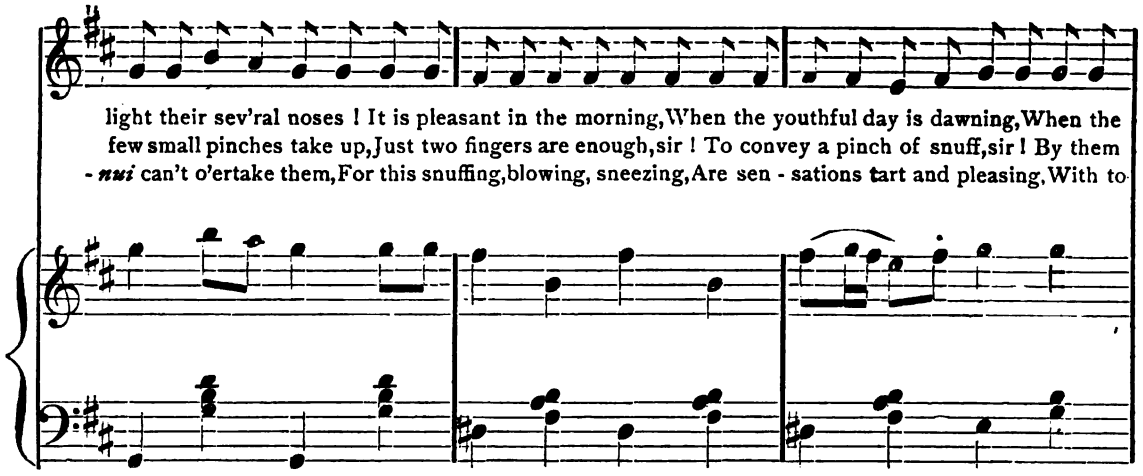

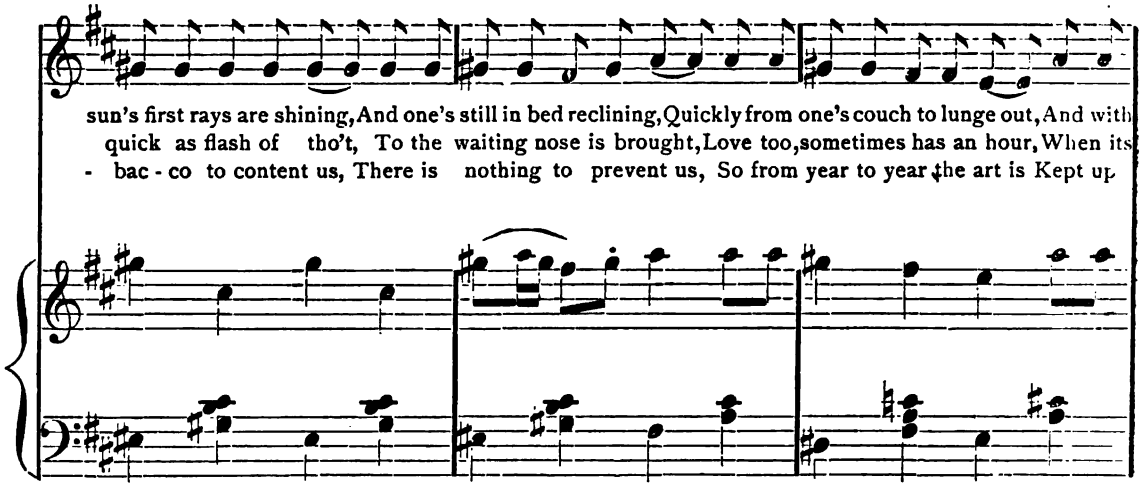

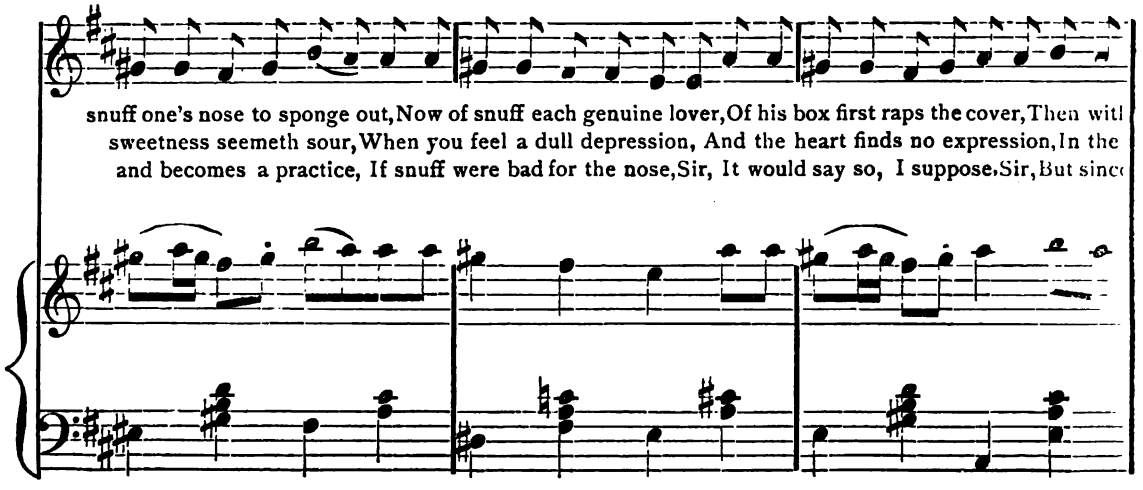

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1st. & 2d. 3d.

fierce delight he toss-es Half and ounce up his proboscis, And at
dark sit with your daisy, Whisper nothings soft and ha-zy, Flatt'ring
nev-er to my knowing, A com - - - - - - plaint I've heard it blowing! That for

me is cause e - nough to keep it well fill'd with snuff, That for me is cause e - nough To keep

it well fill'd with snuff, Yes, to keep it fill'd with snuff, Yes, to keep it fill'd with snuff.

ff

No. 8. SONG.—TESSA.

Indeed your very kind, Sir!
Your offer highly I esteem,
The honor great I find, Sir!
Yet wrong some points about it seem,
For instance six and forty wives at present you possess,
'Tis well known.
And that I never could endure with patience I confess,
No indeed! I know that you as Moslim,
Find that sort of thing correct
But that a European should,
You hardly can expect.
When 'tis too late, I fear remorse might seize me,
If sharing your affections, failed to please me,
And so! And so!
I won't say yes! I won't say nay!
Therefore — speak with Mamma first I pray,
About the marriage state, Sir,
Their notions here are very free,
One wife alone they hate, Sir,
And none take less than two or three,
To be content with one as Europeans mostly do
That's absurd!
Why even in Europe, some adopt the Oriental view,
Take my word.
But as regards the wholesale way in which you wed your fair,
While it may be quite practical, we're somewhat backward there,
I know the ways and customs of each nation,
At present meet with perfect toleration!
And so! and so!
I won't say yes, I won't say nay!
Speak with Mamma, first I pray!

No. 8 1-2. BUCCAMETTA.

I thought you heard my Tessa say?
Speak with Mamma first, I pray! *(Exit.)*

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FLOWER SONG.

No. 9.

Moderato.

fp *fp* *pp*

A word of mag-ic import is hid in ev'-ry flow'r, To love's e-motion

pp

on-ly, appeals their magic pow'r. The lit-tle blossoms sweet and dain-ty,

pp *pp*

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They car-ry lovers' vows around, Of grieving, re - joic - ing, the

p

f *pp*

message They're voic - ing with-out sound, with-out sound!

f *pp*

p

The corn-flow'r and the pop-py that bloom among the grain, The vi-o-let, the

p

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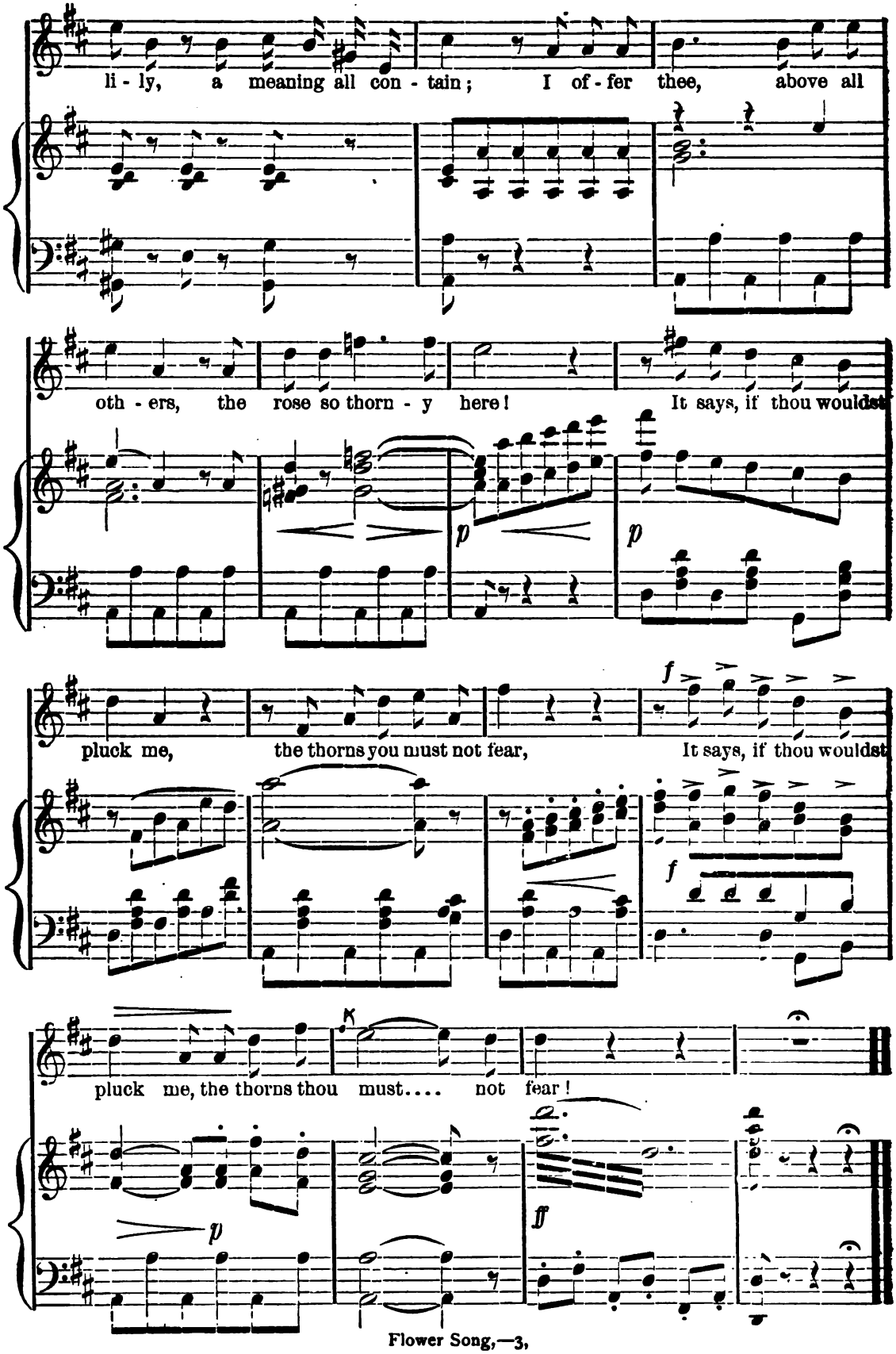

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NO. 8.—SNUFF SONG.

ANTARSID. The rose shall not dismay me,
Its sense is clear to me;
It means that dangers threaten
While I am near to thee.
Through fire I'll go to follow thee,
Though foes rise as the desert sand,
To shield thee, defend thee,
Forever, forever by thee I'll stand!
While life remains I'll love thee
With ardent, quenchless flame,
And in my dying moments
My lips shall breathe thy name!
To thee I'll stand,—I'll stand forever!
Whate'er thy lot be here,
The rose I'll gladly pluck it,
The thorns I do not fear.

BOTH. The rose { he'll / I'll } gladly pluck it.
The thorns { he doth / I do } not fear.

NO. 10.—ENSEMBLE.

TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, ANTARSID, *and* FANFANI.
Let us stay here,
Where we may hear,
Still to them not appear.
We see clearly,
That most queerly
He does act, that's a fact.

TITANIA (*to* MIRADILLO).
They're listening here, so be on your guard.

MIRADILLO (*to* TITANIA).
You need have no fear, I'll well play my part.

TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, ANTARSID, *and* FANFANI.
Listen we secretly!

MIRADILLO (*to* TITANIA *very tenderly*).
See the kiosk there, neat and dainty,
Where your good uncle wants us to stay.

TITANIA. That we are mostly immensely happy
To all the world I'm prepared to say.

(*Together.*) Quite soon, quite soon!
Philomel sings with cadence mellow,
And all around
With its melodious tones resound!

TITANIA (*to* MIRADILLO).
See there, they're not yet departed I see.

MIRADILLO (*to* TITANIA).
Then 'pon my life, I think the best would be,
To walk in carelessly as man and wife.

TITANIA. Never, too risky by far that would be.

MIRADILLO. Since as a married couple we appeared
We'd better meet the danger without fear,
To the kiosk we will together go,
Of course you understand it's all for show.
Quite modest I will be,
For all I want, you see,
Is to perform my part all through apparently.

TITANIA. Ha! I'm seized with sudden terror,
He would profit by my error.
No, no, no, it cannot be,
Not even to make a show.

TESSA, BUCCAMETTA ANTARSID, *and* FANFANI Yes, this young woman is a treasure,
A very lucky young dog is he.
For him is waiting a world of pleasure,
And in his place I would like to be.

MIRADILLO. It is only for show,
To deceive them you know.

TITANIA. I tell you, sir, take care,
And do not enter there,
Once more I say beware.

TITANIA *and* MIRADILLO. Quite soon, quite soon,
Philomel with cadence mellow,
And all around will its melodious tones resound.
Who then could cruel be?
Just come, you soon shall see,
Oh, come, I come.

TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, ANTARSID, FANFANI. Happy he must be,
A couple indeed they appear,
The symptoms of marriage are clear,
Quite clear, quite clear,
As a pair they appear.

(*Exit* TESSA, BUCCAMETTA, ANTARSID, FANFANI.)

MIRADILLO (*pulling* TITANIA *to kiosk*).
Why don't you come?

TITANIA (*resisting*).
I am coming!

MIRADILLO. Come now, come!

TITANIA. Why, yes!

(*Enters kiosk, shutting* MIRADILLO *out.*)

NO. 11.—SONG.

MIRADILLO. Spring anew hath made appearance,
Foliage new and sun's bright rays,
Ev'ry ear hath heard the tidings,
Each soul hopes for brighter days.
Colors new and nature's showing,
Streams are running, flowers blooming,
Bluebells send forth silv'ry chime,
Springtide, springtide, golden time.

From this rock to hazy distance
Fly my springtide song away,
Over stream and blooming meadows,
Over mountains take thy way.
Here to stay I have no leisure,
Wand'ring is such perfect pleasure,
But whate'er the day may bring,
Gayly, gayly I will sing!

Though the world may coldly treat me,
Though stern fate deny all gains,
Grief and woe shall ne'er defeat me,
Even then a boon remains.
'T is the heart so freely bounding,
'T is my song so gayly sounding,
Till my fate calls me above,
Singing, singing, e'er of love!

NO. 12.

MIRADILLO. I?

TESSA. Ah, I could not well conceal it,
I felt so deeply,
But I fear you'll now despise me,
Think much less of me!

MIRADILLO. Oh, no! oh, no! That is not at all surprising,
No one that has seen these features,
This small foot, this perfect hand,
Has this well-proportioned figure
E'en been able to withstand.
Women are completely conquered
When these winning charms they see.
To arouse their warm affection,
Is a common thing for me.

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TESSA. Wait now.
MIRADILLO. Wait now.
TESSA. Your boasting I will make you rue.
MIRADILLO. Wait now.
TESSA. Wait now.
MIRADILLO. Amusement I 'll have out of you.
TESSA. Wait now!
MIRADILLO. Wait now!
TESSA. By women's wiles you 'll be undone.
MIRADILLO. I 'll kiss you, darling, just for fun!
TESSA. You 'll soon be paid, you shameless wight!
MIRADILLO. Do not fear that I 'll betray you,
Trustful you may safely be.
To arouse the love of women
Is a common thing for me.
TESSA. Ah, were I but an Egyptian,
And an Oriental you,
Then 't would not be wrong to take me
With you as wife number two.
Ah, love me do!
MIRADILLO. She 's not slow her love to show.
TESSA. I beg of you!
MIRADILLO. But say, dear, don't you forget
That I am a husband yet.
Think of it just a bit.
TESSA. Ah, yes! Ah, I try, but in vain,
Love's hot flame to contain.
When the heart doth wildly flutter,
Then the head is soft as butter,
For where love holds its sway
Peace of mind steals away;
In an ardent seething flood,
Hot and hotter flows the blood.
MIRADILLO. Cupid's dart
Peirced her heart.
O thou poor loving one,
Thy veil raise a little
And thy countenance show,
It must be lovely I know.
TESSA. No, no, that cannot be,
For a husband alone may my countenance see.
No, no, no! that won't do,
That would most immoral be, sir,
Do insist no longer, please, sir.
MIRADILLO. Don't talk to me of morals tedious,
When I stand here imploring thee,
'T is only done to make me curious,
Off with the veil that I may see.
TESSA. Leave off, I pray!
MIRADILLO. I 'll have my way I say!
TESSA. Oh, I try, but in vain,
Love's hot flame to contain.
When the heart doth wildly flutter,
Then the heart is soft as butter,
For where love holds its sway
Piece of mind steals away.
Quickly one forgets one's duties all,
And the veil must fall.
MIRADILLO. With passion I 'm frenzied,
The veil must be lifted.
Come to me, come to me,
And if you're not willing to do
What I ask you,
Compelled I will be
To use force, don't you see,
And then the veil must fall.

(TESSA *lifts her veil.*)

MIRADILLO. Tessa! You here?
You would join the pasha's harem
As his wife?
That you 're in earnest now I doubt it,
I really doubt it!
TESSA. And why? And why?
I see nothing wrong about it.
No one who has seen these features,
This small foot, this perfect hand,
Has this well-proportioned figure
E'er been able to withstand,
And the men are quickly conquered,
When these winning charms they see.
To arouse their warm affection
Is a common thing for me.

(*Enter* FANFANI.)

MIRADILLO. No, no; you shall not go.
TESSA. Then give up Titania,
Or I will do so.
MIRADILLO. No, no; that is not right.
TESSA. I 'll do it to spite you,
You conscienceless wight.
MIRADILLO. I cannot. O listen!
TESSA. I go. No, no. O traitor! Ah!
MIRADILLO. Here see me lying at your feet.
FANFANI. I come just right.
Just see the wight;
The fellow would seduce my wife.
MIRADILLO. O spare me, Tessa, dear.
MIRADILLO *and* TESSA. O I try, but in vain,
Love's wild flame to contain.
When the heart doth wildly flutter,
Then the head is soft as butter,
For where love holds its sway
Peace of mind steals away;
Quickly one forgets one's duties all,
And the veil must fall;
Yes, love will ever conquer all.
FANFANI. You seducer, good-for-nothing,
Base deceiver, liar, flatt'rer.
Such a swindler, upon my life,
Could imperil an honest wife.
The idea is outrageous.
This adventurer first tries to fleece me;
My wife then he tries to seduce.
Swindler, doth think I 'll stand such abuse!
Swindler, beggar, loafer! Ah!

NO 13.—FINALE.

Enter BUCCAMETTA, PERICLES, TITANIA, *and* FANFANI, *and* CHORUS.

CHORUS (*while entering*).
Beiram, the pleasant feast at last is here;
Beiram, thy joyful sounds at last appear.
MUEZZIN. A new life now be living,
All injuries forgiving,
No soul should be with hatred fraught,
Thus hath the Prophet taught,
Allah! Allah!
CHORUS. A new life now be living,
All injuries forgiving,
No soul should be with hatred fraught,
Thus hath the Prophet taught.
By an ancient custom bound,

Google

Let us pass the dates around,
For 't was this the Prophet taught,
Beiram, that pleasant feast is here at last;
Beiram, and gloomy Ramadan is past.
In joy now every voice is raised,
On every hand is Allah praised.

FANFANI. 'T is custom to give the date
When comes this feast of beauty;
It hath a charm to keep off harm,
Therefore to give it to your friends is duty.

ALL. The custom is pretty,
'T is hardly a duty,
We 'll therefore with pleasure
The dates pass around.

FANFANI (*to* MIRADILLO).
Won't you have a date with me, my youthful friend?

MIRADILLO. Many thanks!

TITANIA (*to* ANTARSID).
Please accept the date which I to you extend.

ANTARSID. Many thanks!

TESSA (*to* BUCCAMETTA).
I will eat a date, dear mother, now with you.

BUCCAMETTA. That will do!

ANTARSID. Understood!

FANFANI. That is right!

BUCCAMETTA. That was good!

CHORUS. Lovely concord marks this feast.

MIRADILLO (*to* FANFANI).
But, dear uncle, take a date now please with me.

FANFANI. Give it me.

ANTARSID (*to* TITANIA).
And this date, sweet lady, I now offer thee.

TITANIA. Thank you, sir.

BUCCAMETTA (*to* TESSA).
I've already eaten all but three.

TESSA. Not so bad!

TITANIA. That is right!

MIRADILLO. Very good!

BUCCAMETTA. Now it 's ripe!

FANFANI (*watching* MIRADILLO).
He looks so merry.

MIRADILLO (*aside*).
He seems so happy.

FANFANI (*to* MIRADILLO).
I hope they 'll do you good, sir.

MIRADILLO. I thank you!

FANFANI. Quite welcome!

MIRADILLO *and* FANFANI.
Hahahahaha!

FANFANI *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

MIRADILLO *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

(*Together.*) Confounded sneezing!

FANFANI *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

MIRADILLO *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

(*Together.*) 'T is most displeasing!

TITANIA *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

FANFANI. Bless you!

ANTARSID *and* BUCCAMETTA.
Tshi!

FANFANI. Bless you!

TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Whence comes this sneezing?

TITANIA, ANTARSID, BUCCAMETTA, MIRADILLO, *and* FANFANI.
Tshi, tshi!

CHORUS. Bless you! bless you!

TITANIA, ANTARSID, BUCCAMETTA, MIRADILLLO, *and* FANFANI.
I thank you kindly, tshi!

TESSA *and* BUCCAMETTA.
I don't see
What ails me.

MIRADILLO, TITANIA, ANTARSID, *and* FANFANI.
Tshi!

(*All together.*) Dear, oh, dear,
This is queer, tshi!

TESSA *and* BUCCAMETTA.
What a noise there is here.

MIRADILLO, FANFANI, TITANIA, *and* ANTARSID.
Tshi!

(*All together.*) I, tshi!
He, tshi!
She, tshi!
Tsha!

CHORUS. What ails us?
This sneezing
Unceasing
Is really
Extremely
Displeasing.
Tshi, tshi, tshi, tsha!

TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
I cannot stand this!

MIRADILLO *and* FANFANI.
I don't understand this!

TESSA *and* BUCCAMETTA.
It 's magic, I 'm sure!

ALL. Tshi, tshi!
Confounded sneezing,
Tshi, tshi!
It 's magic, magic sure, tsha!

(*Cannon-shot heard off stage.*)

FANFANI. Say, did you hear the signal sounds at last?

CHORUS. List, the river murmurs low.

(*Second cannon shot.*)

FANFANI. The hour is come, the Nile is rising fast.

CHORUS. Moist and cool the zephyrs blow.

(*Third shot.*)

FANFANI. The third shot does to us the flood announce.

CHORUS. With murmurs mysterious the waters rise.
Wild surges upheaving now greet our eyes.
The waters outpour with deep sounding roar,
Now praise Allah's power, praise Allah's power,

SOLI. Of Egypt, friend the best,
O Nile be doubly blest,
Now praise Allah's power.

ALL. Who doth the land with blessings shower,
And works the wonders of this hour.

(*Illumination of Cairo.*)

TITANIA. Pass the cup, sing with me.

ALL. A song of praise in place will be.

TITANIA. From Allah's throne,
Ever since this land was known,
Comes an angel on pearly wings,

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And the Nile floods blessing brings;
With a cup in his hand.
By his master sent is he,
To the source to which us mortals
E'er unknown will be,
And the waters first whisper low,
Rising, surging, mightily grow;
Show'ring blessings o'er the land,
All its life renewing.
To thy waves we send joyful greeting
When with Egypt's parched soil they 're meeting,
More than wine do we welcome thy flood divine.

ALL. See there the galleys all decked out with colors bright,
Charming, entrancing is this lovely sight.

TITANIA (*to* TESSA).
Thy chains I 'll now loosen,
The galley is here,
I 'll save you, my dearest,
Salvation is near,
The barque it will surely
Set both of us free
Once again. Raise the glass,
Sing with me,
Let 's sing with joyous glee.

ALL. From Allah's throne,
Ever since this land was known,
Comes an angel on pearly wings,
And the Nile floods blessing bring;
With a cup in his hand,
By his master sent was he,
To the source which to us mortals
E'er unknown will be,
And the waters first whisper low,
Then they rise, they surge, then mightily grow,
Show'ring blessings o'er the land,
All its life renewing. Ah!
To thy waves we send joyful greeting,
When with Egypt parched soil they 're meeting.
Truly more than wine,
Do we welcome thy flood divine.

CHORUS. O see there the dancers,
In intricate mazes they turn.

FANFANI. What 's going to happen?
What will we now see?

CHORUS. They 're leading the women
By force to the barque over there.

FANFANI. I 've got my suspicions;
Deceit 's in the air.

TITANIA. We 're taking a ride.

MIRADILLO. 'T is to humor your bride.

FANFANI. Seducer! Quite plain I see that 's your trick.

CHORUS. Just see them, they 're making off quick.

FANFANI. Come, you fellows, go, pursue them,
Stop them, do not let them go!

CHORUS. Stop them quick!
Foil the trick!
Too late, the barque 's afloat.

FANFANI. With anger I'm almost distracted,
My money and bride are abstracted,
Knavery, trickery!
All have been playing me; surely
I 'm faring but poorly!
This shame, this disgrace
They 've thrown in my face.
But just wait,
Soon or late
I will fix them.

EVERYBODY. Freedom, freedom, for which we 've striven;
Freedom, freedom to us is given;
Fare you well, yes, and proclaim
Allah's might!
Praise ye all Allah's might!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

NO. 14.—CHORUS AND ROMANZA.

MALE CHORUS. When the moon anew is breaking.

FEMALE CHORUS.
Splendor bright.

MALE CHORUS. Brightly shining Phœbus' rays

FEMALE CHORUS.
Proclaimeth Allah's might.

MALE CHORUS. In the distant east awaking.

FEMALE CHORUS.
In the east it awakes.

MALE CHORUS. Burst on our admiring gaze.

ANTARSID (*awakening*).
What, a dream?
I was so happy, sweet delight my soul did fill.
Rose entrancing,
Thy thorn I did not dread,
I did not fear.
(*Arising; to his men.*)
The tents with care conceal;
This place they might reveal.
(*Turning to* TITANIA'S *tent and opening curtain.*)
And thou, my darling, awake! awake!

CHORUS. Allah's might shields us here! Allah!

ANTARSID. Darling, awake.

Romance.

Now dawns the morn, the darkness goes,
On heaven's bow stars paler grow.
On azure throne the sun bright glows,
Wakes us from sweet repose.

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CHORUS.
Wake, maiden fair,
Cool is the air.
Open thine eyes on me, let them beam,
Then will my star no more be far
Lighter than Sol's bright gleam.
Quickly waken, sweetest maiden.
Waken, darling, open thine eyes.
Come, O come, vision bright,
And be my heart's delight.
O come, O come! awake! awake!
Maiden fair, cool the air, awaken.
Phœbus gleams with golden beams.
Awake, awake, sweet maid;
Awake, the day is fair.
Come, ah, come, and leaving thy dreaming,
Past is the dawn and bright is the morning.

NO. 15.—TERZETTO.

TITANIA. Africa is full of danger
ANTARSID. For the unacquainted stranger.
MIRADILLO. Ha! ah!
TITANIA. Firstly from wild beasts ferocious,
ANTARSID. That cause have most atrocious.
MIRADILLO. Stuff!
TITANIA. From equators,
ANTARSID. Alligators;
TITANIA. From the snakes that —
ANTARSID. Roll and toss,
TITANIA. And from the rhinoceros.
ANTARSID. Yes, from the rhinoceros.
MIRADILLO. Well, I do not care!
For my darling Tessa's sake
Most willingly my life I 'd take.
TITANIA. You must not foolhardy be,
ANTARSID. But consider carefully.
MIRADILLO. That 's already done, you see.
TITANIA. Then the Bedouins, oh, horror!
ANTARSID. Coolly kill the rash explorer.
MIRADILLO. Pooh!
TITANIA. And among the fierce Ashantis
ANTARSID. You 'll find cannibals in plenty.
MIRADILLO. Stuff!
TITANIA. Weather torrid,
ANTARSID. Serpents horrid,
TITANIA. Tarantulas!
ANTARSID. Scorpions, too!
TITANIA. Of all kinds will threaten you.
ANTARSID. Of all kinds will threaten you.
MIRADILLO. Well, I do not care a snap;
What you say does not dismay me.
ANTARSID. And much beside.
MIRADILLO. As I told you once before,
TITANIA. Now awakes his pride.
MIRADILLO. All your horror cannot sway me.
ANTARSID. His blood now boils.
MIRADILLO. Ev'ry country I 'll explore,
TITANIA. For her sake he dreads to toils.
MIRADILLO. Till I Tessa see once more.
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Very far you must roam.
MIRADILLO. O'er the continent I 'll roam.
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Go with us to your home.
MIRADILLO. With her only I 'll go home.
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Come to your fatherland.
MIRADILLO. When I have found her.
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
We offer you our hand.
MIRADILLO. But not before.
Yes, Tessa, love, whom I adore,
For you I 'll Africa explore;
Over hill, over dale,
Till the moon shines on the vale;
I 'll away all alone,
Love will help me find my own.
ALL THREE. Over hill, over dale,
Till the moon shines on the vale;
He 'll / I 'll } away all alone.
Love will help { me / him } find { my / his } own.
MIRADILLO. Should a tiger in my way I find —
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Gracious me!
MIRADILLO. Jackal, lynx, or any other kind;
A gorilla me would not dismay.
Without minding them I pass my way.
If I also should meet fierce black tribes,
TITANIA *and* ANTARSID.
Savage tribes!
MIRADILLO. Such as Stanley in his book describes.
From their color I 'll not run away;
Like a man I 'll fight my way,
Whom true love doth inspire.
ALL THREE. Boldly { I / he } encounters peril dread and dire.
MIRADILLO. When I 've found her at last,
ALL THREE. From those dusk dominions home { I 'll / he 'll } travel fast.
I with her hand in hand,
See once more { my / his } native land.
MIRADILLO. With her, my native land
Once more I 'll see,
Vedere Napoli,
E poi morine;
But there to live in joy
More pleases me;
Vedere Napoli,
E mai morine.
ALL THREE. Together to that land
Return then we!
Vedere Napoli,
E poi morine;
But there to live in joy
More pleases me;
Vedere Napoli
E mai morine.
TITANIA. Life once more gains new zest;
When true love pervades one's breast,
Like a charm to the heart,
Courage new it doth impart.

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LIFE ONCE MORE.

Titania. **SONG.**

Allo.

Life once more gains new zest, When true love pervades one's breast, Like a

charm to the heart, Courage new it doth im - part, Courage new it doth im -

- part. Life once more gains a zest, When true love pervades the breast, Like a

mf

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charm to ev'- ry heart, val - or new it does im - part. To the dear

sf *f* *fz*

na - tive land,.... re - turn then we,.... Ve - de - re Na - poli

et poi mo - ri - - re, But there to live in joy

more pleas - es me..... Ve - - de - re, Na - po - li e

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mai - mo - rir! To that dear na-tive land re - turn then

we,..... Ve - de - re Na - po - li, e poi mo -

- ri - re, But there to live in joy, More pleases me,...

Ve - de - re Na po - li e moi mo - rir!

ff

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NO. 16.—BEDOUIN CHORUS.

FANFANI *and* CHORUS.

We Bedouins of the Nile,
When a chap stirs our bile,
With winking,
Without shrinking,
Kill him off in good style,
Vengeance!
Always thirsting for gore,
Every nook we explore,
And what falls into our clutches
Never squeaks any more,
Vengeance!
Serpent-like we creep up to our man,
From its sheath draw the sharp yataghan;
In a circle unerring,
The bright blade comes whirring,
A flash! Hahahaha! Sure death
Puts a stop to his breath.
Off his head goes like lead,
Vengeance!

FANFANI. Should deceiver gay
Steal your wife away.
If the dame was old and gray,
Not a word you say,
But if, *au contraire*,
She was young and fair,
An indignant outcry make;
For good moral's sake,
Such crimes must be punished,
With powder and steel,
Make 'em feel.

FANFANI *and* CHORUS.

We Bedouins of the Nile,
When a chap stirs our bile,
Hahahaha! sure death
Puts a stop to his breath,
Off his head goes like lead.
Stealthily creeping, we
Seize the chap by the nap,
Then give him a rap,
Hahaha! hahaha!
Ears cut off, nose cut off,
Head cut off, all cut off;
Yes, the yataghan
Makes short work of a man.

(FANFANI *speaks to Bedouins.*)

FANFANI *and* CHORUS.

Ears cut off, nose cut off,
Head cut off, all cut off;
Yes, the yataghan
Makes short work of a man.

NO. 17.—FINALE.

CHORUS. Hurrah! Beiram! Let all be glad and gay,
Allah, Allah, vouchsafes us joy this day.

MIRADILLO. Tribes of the desert, rejoice with us to-day.

(*Enter* CHORUS.)

Allah vouchsafes us joy this day.
Beiram, let all be glad and gay.

ALL (*soli*). Man doth propose and God doth dispose,
And therefore we accede to his decree.

CHORUS. Allah! hail! Beiram! hail! Hurrah!

MIRADILLO. Our adventures are o'er,
And to Naples go we four,
And when there, happy we
As in Paradise will be.

SOLI. Our adventures are o'er,
And to Naples go we four,
And when there, happy we
As in Paradise will be

CHORUS. Far away from this land go they.

ALL. Together to that land
We / They go with glee;
Vedere Napoli,
E poi marine;
But there to live in joy
More pleases me,
E mai morine.

CHORUS. May good luck attend you.
Heaven blessings send you,
Pleasant breezes waft you
To your home! Hurrah!

CURTAIN.

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